

Ready Or Not

by A Certain Undead Witch Queen

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Summary: NSFW. Kenma consents to sex with Kuro even though he doesn't want to. Kuro doesn't realize and has his way with Kenma. Contains asexual!Kenma and dubcon.

## 1. Chapter 1

\_Disclaimer: I don't own Haikyuu\_

\_Warnings/Triggers: NSFW, Yaoi, BL, dubcon  
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Kenma thought he was ready.

He'd had plenty of time to prepare. Ever since Kuro started looking at him like \_that\_ â€" like guys looked at girls they had a thing for. Of course Kenma noticed. If you could make a living off observing human behavior, he'd have his career lined up. Watching people was his specialty. So he noticed it right from the beginning, when at first it was just glances that lasted a second or two or three longer than they used to, and then how Kuro's eyes drifted to certain areas, focusing on his muscles, or his hips, or sometimes in the locker room, what was between his hips. Then those looks started getting a little glazed, or Kuro's face would flush slightly. Or Kuro's pants would swell a little between his own hips.

Kenma didn't know what to think at first. Because while he loved Kuro, he wasn't \_in\_ love with him. Kuro was his best friend. He would die for him, kill for him, but he'd never considered dating him. Honestly, he'd always been a little scared, nay, terrified, that the day would come when Kuro would fall in love. He'd agonized over the prospect of his best friend falling in love with a girl who would tear Kuro away from him, monopolizing all his time. He'd never thought the person Kuro would fall for would be him, Kenma.

So maybe, Kenma decided when he had time to give it some thought,

Kuro falling for him instead came as something of a relief. He could work with this. It didn't matter that he wasn't in love with Kuro.

Kenma didn't come to this decision casually. He'd given it a lot of thought really. In the end he decided that he was either a really late bloomer, or he was asexual. He just didn't feel things like other people seemed to. Not for girls or guys either. He could never honestly say that he'd lusted after anyone. And even though he could appreciate attractive members of both genders, he was never infatuated by them. Kenma never even had a crush on anyone. The most meaningful relationship he had was with Kuro. So he'd do anything to keep his best friend with him. He thought he was willing to give up his life for Kuro if need be. Giving up his body to him didn't seem like a big deal in comparison to that.

At least that was what Kenma thought.

It was late one night that this was put to the test. It was after volleyball practice, and everyone else had gone home, even their coach and club advisor. Kuro as the captain had been entrusted with the gym key and would lock up when they were finished. He claimed he wanted to practice spiking more, but Kenma could always tell when his friend was lying, and now Kuro was showing all the signs of it. Tonight was the night Kuro was planning on making his move.

He waited until everyone else, even the most devoted of their teammates were gone, and a little longer just to play it safe and make sure they weren't interrupted. Then he stopped Kenma from getting another ball to toss to him from the bin.

"Hey, Kenma," he said. "There's something I've been wanting to say to you."

Kuro was nervous. Not all his sweat was from exercising, Kenma knew. And he showed his nervousness in other ways too. His cheeks were a little redder than normal.

Kenma wanted to just tell Kuro that he knew what he wanted to talk about " but he also knew that wouldn't be appreciated. Kuro wanted to say what he planned to say. He'd probably been practicing and had been trying hard for awhile to build up the nerve. On some level, he probably knew that Kenma already knew what this was about, but he still wanted to say it anyway.

"I like you, Kenma," Kuro said in a rush. Then he grimaced. "I didn't mean to say it like that. You know I like you. We've been friends for so long. But I like you as more than just a friend. More than just a best friend."

"I know," said Kenma.

Kuro grimaced again. "Of course you do."

"I've known for awhile," said Kenma.

"I figured you did. You knew that I was planning to confess to you tonight too, didn't you?" said Kuro.

Kenma nodded.

"And you didn't run away or try to get out of it." Kuro stared at him intently.

"I didn't want to run away or get out of it," said Kenma. It wasn't a lie. He'd planned this. He was ready. He was sure of it.

"So, do you return my feelings?" Kuro looked so hopeful it hurt.

"Yes," Kenma said.

Kuro stepped up to him and cupped his face with one hand. "So you'll go out with me?"

"Yes."

"You'll be mine, then?"

"Always."

Then Kuro kissed him.

Kenma thought he was ready, but when Kuro's mouth pressed against his, doubt swelled in his stomach. He involuntarily gasped, his mouth opening slightly, and the next thing he knew, Kuro's tongue was inside his mouth.

"Mmrrr!" The noise that Kenma made, Kuro must have mistaken as a groan, because Kuro didn't stop or hesitate. His tongue slid over Kenma's forcing him to taste the breath mint that Kuro had popped in his mouth twenty minutes ago, last time he broke to get a drink of water. Then his tongue moved on, over Kenma's teeth, up to the roof of his mouth, then back to Kenma's tongue again, and Kenma didn't know what to do or how to react. His body had stalled, and his hands were frozen at his sides.

Kuro's hands had no such problems. They were on Kenma's hips, and Kenma didn't know when they'd got there. They were gripping him possessively, pulling Kenma to Kuro, lowering him down to the floor.

Kenma squirmed a little as Kuro went down on top of him, and he felt something hard pressing into his abdomen, right over his bladder. He was suddenly conscious of how much he'd drunk over practice, and that he hadn't taken a toilet break since lunch. He gave a half-shiver, half-shudder as he felt Kuro's hands slide into his shorts, pulling them down.

Then Kuro broke the kiss and asked Kenma, "Is this alright?"

No, thought Kenma.

"Yes," said Kenma.

And Kuro smiled, that adoring smile he only reserved for Kenma, so Kenma knew that whatever happened next would be worth it. If he could make Kuro give him that smile, and stay with him, and never leave, any price would be worth paying.

He just wasn't sure what would happen next. Did Kuro plan on giving him a handjob or blowjob? Or did he plan on going further?

Kenma hoped it was the first one. He was rapidly starting to realize that he wasn't as ready for this as he'd thought. Mental preparation hadn't taken into account his nerves, or the uncomfortable feeling of losing control. The gym floor was hard against his back, and Kuro was heavy on top of him. Kenma was very close to panicking. Or shutting down. But if all Kuro wanted was to give Kenma a handjob, and maybe get one back in return, Kenma thought he could do that. He thought it would be okay.

Kuro's hand slid down Kenma's abdomen to stroke his member, and though the situation was too charged for Kenma to really relaxed, he felt a little bit at ease.

But Kuro only stroked him once, then his hand went lower, probing his crack until he found the hole he was looking for, then he slid a finger inside Kenma.

Kenma squirmed again. Inside his chest, his heart was hammering, pumping all his blood, it seemed, to his face that was suddenly burning.

"Relax," said Kuro. "I read up on this on the internet. You have to stay relaxed or this isn't going to work, okay Kenma?"

"O . . . kay," Kenma said. And he tried to, but Kuro's finger was moving inside of him, and it felt weird and uncomfortable, and he wasn't ready for this, at all, why had he ever thought he was?

Kuro slid another finger inside of him, and Kenma bucked on reflex.

"Just relax. I need to stretch you, so that I won't hurt you when I'm inside you, Kenma," said Kuro. He wasn't just moving his fingers in Kenma now, he was prodding and pushing, like he was searching for something, and Kenma was on the verge of asking what when Kuro found it â€" his prostate. When he pressed his fingers into it, a strange sensation invaded Kenma's nerves, forcing his body to move of its own accord. His back arched high off the floor as the feeling of being out of control increased, and a mewling noise escaped his mouth.

"You like that?" said Kuro with a smile.

No. Stop.

But all Kenma managed to actually say was, "Hah. Ah."

Kuro pressed his fingers into that spot again and Kenma \_writhed\_.

He wanted to tell Kuro to stop, but Kuro didn't give him the chance. He drove his fingers into Kenma's prostate again and again, and again, and with each press, Kenma's thoughts were scattered anew as his body jerked and shuddered, cat-like cries coming out of his throat with each spasm. Kuro added another finger and began stretching him faster and more urgently.

"You look so hot like that," Kuro said. "Gods, Kenma, I can't wait anymore. I wanted to get you hard too first, but I can't wait anymore."

"Ku-Kuro," Kenma said. Tried to say. His breathing was too irregular.

"Hush," said Kuro. "For now. I'll make you cry out my name in just a minute."

He licked his hand, leaving a thick layer of saliva on it, which he used to coat his erection. Then Kuro pulled his other hand out of Kenma and crawled on top of him.

"Ku-Kuro."

Kuro knew Kenma well, and realized something was amiss. He paused, straining at the effort, the tip of his member poking against Kenma's tender flesh. "What? Is something wrong?"

Yes. Please stop.

"No. I â€" I love you."

Kuro smiled. Then he forced Kenma's thighs further apart with his knees and thrust himself into Kenma, joining them.

Kenma cried out wordlessly.

"God. You're hot. Inside. You feel so good," said Kuro, his voice turning into a groan as he pressed in further, further, as far into Kenma as he could. "So good, Kenma."

"Rrr. Nnnnya." Kenma said intelligently.

Kuro laughed. "You look so adorable like that, with that face on. Kenma. My Kenma."

For a second, Kenma was almost okay. His body was adjusting to Kuro's intrusion while he was staying still like that, and his words sent a profound sense of relief through Kenma.

But then Kuro started moving. He pulled out then thrust back in, none too gently either.

"Ngh!"

Another thrust. This next one hit Kenma's prostate.

"Ah!" Kenma arched again, his stomach grinding against Kuro's, who was on top of him, bearing down.

Kuro's hands were on Kenma's bare hips, holding on tight, tight enough to bruise, gripping him there for better leverage so he could pull out and thrust in again and again.

Kuro fucked him hard into the gym floor, losing himself in lust, and forgetting any kind of regard for Kenma's preservation. He turned into a sex-crazed animal, lost in his desire to mate, and he was rough as could be. In and out, in and out. He pounded into Kenma, and

Kenma, well, Kenma was a helpless, writhing mess beneath Kuro, unable to do anything but arch, and shudder, and mewl. Kuro never stopped moving, so Kenma didn't have a moment of comfort or any time to adjust. Pain and pleasure collided and swirled together, though there was certainly more pain than pleasure.

Tears pooled in Kenma's eyes as his best friend had his way with him, skewering him on his hard cock, over and over. Kuro was hurting him more and more with every thrust now. The gym floor was too cold beneath him. His shirt had gotten bunched up beneath him somehow, so his spine was digging into the too hard boards. But on top of him, Kuro was too hot. He was stifling, and also too hard as he claimed Kenma's body. He bit down on Kenma's shoulder so hard it would be sure to leave teeth marks, then kissed him roughly, stealing what little breath Kenma managed to draw in. His weight crushed Kenma down, even as Kenma's back involuntarily arched again and again.

The tempo of thrusts had grown harder and more frantic. Kenma had read enough to know that meant that the end was near, but he was still caught unaware when Kuro reached his climax.

Kuro was the one to arch this time, grinding Kenma even harder into the floor under his combined weight and his attempt to get just a little further inside of him as he released. Hot strands of cum spurted into Kenma, filling him, shooting deep into him.

Then finally, finally, after what seemed like forever, Kuro finally pulled out of Kenma completely, and didn't immediately thrust back in. He laid on top of Kenma, panting. Kenma struggled to breathe as well.

He ached, all over and inside. Even without Kuro's weight pinning him down, he didn't think he could get up.

"Kenma?" said Kuro finally. He lifted his head and looked down at him, softness in his eyes as he cupped Kenma's cheek. "Are you alright?"

Kenma made a slight noise that Kuro must have taken as assent.

"Was . . . was I alright?" said Kuro next. "What I did?"

What Kuro did was put Kenma through the most distressing, uncomfortable, and painful experience of his life. But Kenma found himself nodding, desperately, because he needed this to be all good for Kuro. He needed to make Kuro happy with him, so that Kuro would never leave him. No matter what the lie, or the cost, even if it was his own body again. Kenma had done it once. He could do it as many times as he had to.

He just didn't expect that next time to come so soon. Then Kenma felt Kuro's hardness stirring against his thigh.

"Oh. Good," said Kuro. "Ready to go again?"

Then Kuro slid back into Kenma, slowly this time, making him feel every inch of his member as he slipped back inside Kenma and made him start to writhe again.

\_Please tell me what you think and review!\_

## 2. Chapter 2

There was something exquisitely hot about watching Kenma come completely undone beneath him. The smaller boy clenched, and twisted, and mewled under Kuroo, completely at his mercy, as Kuroo pounded into him. Kuroo had never known how badly he wanted to see that sight until he'd gotten his first glimpse, and now he couldn't get enough of it.

He knew he was being rougher than he should, since tonight was Kenma's first time — both their first times. But he couldn't help it. Seeing Kenma like that made him half mad with lust, and the need to claim and dominate the younger was too strong to resist.

"You're mine," he said, as he fucked Kenma into the gym floor for the third time that night. "No one else's. Only mine, and I will never let you go."

He thought that Kenma attempted to smile, even though there were tears pooling in his eyes, and his mouth was a little contorted, but he couldn't hold such a definite expression very well while Kuroo was having his way with him. A spasm struck Kenma's legs as Kuroo gave a particularly hard thrust, and a cat-like cry crept through Kenma's swollen lips.

Kuroo saw the sheen of sweat on Kenma's neck and couldn't resist leaning down to lick at it, savoring the salty taste of his lover's skin. Kenma made a noise halfway between a moan and a whimper and tilted his head away, almost like he was trying to block Kuroo out. Or like he was baring his neck to give Kuroo a bigger expanse of skin to lick.

Being inside Kenma felt better than Kuroo had ever imagined. Kenma was so hot inside, like a sauna, or a hot stone massage. And he was tight. The friction that Kuroo generated with each thrust felt so good, he didn't even have words for it. Too soon, he reached his climax and arced over Kenma as he came inside him again.

"Kah! Nygh! Ahhhha!" said Kenma, tossing his head one way, then the other as Kuroo's seed filled him. His breath was coming in erratic gasps, and his whole body shuddered.

Kuroo pulled out then, and cupped Kenma's face in one hand, as Kenma kept making adorable if unintelligible sounds.

"Shh," he said and soothed him.

"Ku-Ku-Kuroo. P-please," said Kenma in a pleading voice.

"Hm?"

"I c-can't . . . anymore. T-t-too m-much. Please."

A twinge of guilt pulled at Kuroo. He himself was a little sore, and definitely tired from his exertions. Kenma had to be even more so.

"Shh. It's okay. You're right, we've probably done too much for

tonight. We need to lock up and go home."

Kenma looked relieved as he kept panting, then closed his eyes.

"Hey? Are you alright?"

Kenma gave a little mewl in answer.

Kuroo sat up and moved to be near Kenma's head, then put a hand on his hair. "Sorry. I think I must have overdone it a little, Kenma. My bad."

Kenma was quiet for a little bit. Then â€

"I love you, Kuroo."

Kuroo felt a flash of warmth. "I love you too, Kenma," he said.

"You meant what you said?"

"Of course. I love you. I've loved you for a long time."

"I mean what you said while we were . . ." A blush spread over Kenma's face.

"Uh, remind me what I said? I was a little . . . lost in the moment."

"That I'm yours. No one else's, and you'll never let me go."

"Of course I meant that," said Kuroo. "You are mine. And you always will be."

Kenma smiled then, tears spilling out of his eyes, which he quickly closed to stem off.

"Oi, what are those tears about?"

"Nothing," said Kenma.

At another time, Kuroo probably would have argued and tried to get Kenma talking, but now, after just losing his virginity, it was clear Kenma was completely exhausted and in a good deal of pain. He'd feel like a bully, and a horrible boyfriend to boot, if he nagged at him now. So instead he leaned down over Kenma and kissed him on the forehead.

"Never forget it. You belong to me."

He sat up then, and ran his fingers through Kenma's hair for awhile, while Kenma regained his breath. Finally, Kuroo stood.

"We should head home. It's late."

"Yes," said Kenma, then he tried to get up, but winced hard and collapsed back to his former position.

"Kenma?"



"Sorry." Kenma tried again, but got the exact same result, only this time he whimpered as he fell back to the floor.

"Oi, are you alright?"

"Kuroo . . . I can't move," Kenma said, and he looked just like a sad little kitten.

Kuroo gave him a rueful, guilty smile. "Don't worry. I'll carry you."

He lifted Kenma's skinny body off the ground, trying to be gentle when he saw Kenma wincing again and gritting his teeth, and pulled up Kenma's underwear and shorts, hiding the sticky mess he'd made, that was still dribbling out of Kenma.

"I'm going to carry you to the club room, then come back and clean the floor, real quick, alright?" said Kuroo.

Kenma rested his head against Kuroo's chest and made a noise that sounded like, "Mmmmm." Kuroo took that as assent. He carefully carried his best friend, nay, boyfriend, to the volleyball team's clubroom and gently laid him down on one of the benches.

"I'll be right back," he said, and hurried to go clean up the mess he'd made.

When he got back, Kenma was still laying there, exactly as Kuroo had left him, right down to the strands of hair in his eyes, which he turned on Kuroo to give him an exhausted, and maybe slightly accusing stare. They both knew whose fault it was that Kenma was in this state.

"Eh, sorry Kenma. I guess I was too rough. Especially for our first time."

Kenma blinked at him slowly, then closed his eyes. "I don't mind," he said. "Make it up to me by carrying me home."

"You just said you didn't mind. Which is it?" Kuroo asked in a teasing voice.

"Both," Kenma said tiredly.

"Heh. Alright. Whose home? Yours or mine?"

"Mine. All my videogames are there," said Kenma.

"That's what you're worried about?"

Kenma opened his eyes again to look at Kuroo. "I'm calling in sick tomorrow and skipping practice."

"Oi . . ."

"I can't move," said Kenma practically.

Kuroo huffed and scooped his lover back into his arms. "I guess we'll have to be more careful about when we do this, so I don't make you miss more practice or any games."

Kenma put his face back against Kuroo's chest and sighed, looking as content as he ever looked.

End  
file.